Literary Cabinet.

Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex his studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen hæc animi remissio judicanda esset libero homine dignissima. CICERO.

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The Essayist.

No. VIII.

"The sense of virtue, is a state's best caution."

MORTALITY seems to be the lot of governments, as well as of men. Conquests, revolutions, and rebellions are the diseases with which they are attacked; and few are the antidotes and specifics that can be applied with success. But before we can administer relief, we must know the cause of the complaint: and as *we* are most interested in the fate of republics, let us inquire why this species of government is liable to such frequent changes.

There are two causes to which in my opinion, the downfall of republics may generally be attributed. The first and principal one is, the want of virtue in the citizens: and the second, the easy acquisition of power by individuals. The want of virtue in the citizens is indeed the prime cause of revolutions and changes in all governments; but its operations are most frequent and sensible in republics; since in them, it is aided by the second cause, the easy acquisition of power by individuals.

There are two motives that prompt men to perform their duty: a sense of moral obligation, and a fear of punishment.

If we take away one of these, we must increase the force of the other. The subject of a despot, though devoid of morals himself, yet fulfils the orders of his master, because he knows that punishment is the immediate reward of disobedience. The subject of a republic performs his duty not through dread of punishment, but because his God, and his love for his country, command him to do so.—Hence it is evident, that in republics, virtue alone can supply the place of that energy in the rulers, and that fear of punishment in the people which we find in despotisms.

The necessity of virtue to a republic will be farther seen, when we remember how great a number of the citizens are in public office.

In despotisms, the sovereign speaks, and it is done; in republics, legislators frame the laws, judges apply, and the executive puts them in force. Since then the public welfare is entrusted to so many hands, a greater degree of virtue is required than where a few only are responsible. Virtue then, is the foundation upon which republics are built; take this away, and you destroy their only support.

Let us now attend to the second cause, viz. the easy acquisition

of power by individuals. I have already shewn that in republics the want of virtue is fatal; but if bad men have no opportunity of indulging their unlawful passions, little danger is to be apprehended from them. The subjects of despotism are generally far more corrupt than those of republics; but the former are governed wholly by the commands of their masters; the latter, only by their own inclinations: consequently if the dispositions of the last are vicious, their actions will be so also. In a state like our own, there are but few men that cannot make themselves powerful and respected. The road of honor lies open to all: he that strives, is almost sure of obtaining. This is the glory, the happiness, but at the same time the danger of republics. The sound of patriotism tickles the ears of the multitude; and he who bawls loudest for liberty and equality, generally obtains the suffrages of the people.

Such then being but too often the only necessary qualification for office; as wide a door to power and authority is opened to the bad, as to the good; and hence it is, that the ambitious demagogue, and designing knave so often enjoy the confidence of their country.

I will now endeavor to illustrate what I have been saying, by a few examples. Athens at one time was virtuous: she rejected with indignation Themistocles' proposal of burning the fleets of her allies; though by so doing she would become the mistress of Greece, solely because it was unjust. But when she suffered herself to be corrupted by the *gold* of Philip, not all the eloquence of Demosthenes, or the bravery of Phocion would save her from ruin. Sparta, so long as she observed the institutions and laws of the wise Lycurgus, remained free; but when these were made to give way to luxury and effeminacy, she yielded to the power of Antigonus of Macedon. The downfall of the Roman republic was preceded by the exaltation of the infamous Clodius to the offices of Pretor and Edile. When the Roman people had so far lost all sense of honor and virtue, as to place power in the hands of this wretch, and at the same time to banish Cicero from that city which he preserved at the hazard of his own life; they no longer merited the epithet of free; but deserved to be as they soon after became, the slaves of Augustus.

Thus have I attempted to shew, both from reason and history, that the existence of republics depends ultimately upon the preservation of their morals. If this be true, then let no man call or think himself a patriot, who does not both by his precepts and example endeavor to lead his countrymen in the paths of virtue and religion.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

No. IV.

[Continued from page 88.]

SHOULD it be here objected that we cannot determine the happiness of men, from their external circumstances, and that those may be happy whom we deem miserable, and those miserable whom we consider happy, it may be answered, that so long as the different states of individuals are concealed, even if the objection were true, the divine

character would not be vindicated in the eyes of the world. It would not be known by mankind, whatever might be the fact, that God is a lover of virtue and a hater of vice. For ought that appears, we should have reason to conclude that God views virtue and vice with equal regard, or rather that he views both with indifference. Whatever might be the situation of the virtuous at some times, at others the vicious would be seen to triumph over them, and notwithstanding the different emotions of the one and the other, the world would have reason to think that God chose to have it so.

The same remarks may be made, if it be objected farther, that virtue and vice reward themselves. The reward is not seen by mankind, nor are the ends of rewards and punishments answered; two of which are the encouragement of virtue and the discouragement of vice. We may therefore conclude that there must be an hereafter for God to vindicate his character to the universe. This hereafter, it can hardly be doubted, will be everlasting.

In addition to what has already been urged in favor of the immortality of the soul, it may be remarked that we have at least, some evidence that the *soul* and *body* are not *inseparable*, and therefore that the dissolution of the body does not necessarily occasion the death of the soul. If the soul and body were inseparably connected, whenever the body died, the soul must die with it; but we have reason to believe that the existence of the body is in no respect necessary to the highest perfection of the soul. If they were inseparable, whenever the one decayed, the other must decay with it, or whenever the one was disordered, the other must also be disordered. But this does not appear to be a fact. When the body is the most decayed, the mind is often the most vigorous, and it has often been remarked that when the body has become unstrung and borne down with sickness, or age, the soul has exhibited a degree of life and vigor which it never exhibited before. So also, when the soul has lost its strength and sprightliness, and sunk down into childhood, the body has not always been disordered. What reason then, have we to conclude that when the body is dissolved, the soul will perish with it? We have no evidence that it may not be as capable of thinking and of performing all the offices which belong to it as at present. Although it may not have the same organs for receiving and communicating, which it now has; yet it may enjoy all the powers of reflection, and we have no proof that if the bodies were removed, there might not be a very natural and easy mode of communicating between unembodied spirits. The dissolution of the body *may* only give freedom to the soul. The soul is also often active while the body is sleeping. This may be viewed as evidence that the soul can think and perform its peculiar offices, without the aid of the body. The death of the body is therefore no evidence of the death of the soul. But the possibility of a separation between the soul and the body, if established, goes far towards removing the difficulties which lie in the way of concluding that the former is immortal.

These are some of the arguments, in favor of the immortality of the soul, to be drawn from the light of nature. Whether they are satisfactory or not, I take a pleasure in concluding with the remark, that this sublime truth is brought fully and clearly to light by the gospel.

PLATO.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LITERARY CABINET.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM aware that, in the paper now offered for publication, I have exposed my character to the ridicule of a Chesterfield; but since like a Johnson I have been ranked among the vulgar and uncivil, I think myself at liberty to express my feelings in such a manner, as to evince that I am not altogether uninterested in the subject

IT has become common, in this learned age, to denominate him a clown, who refuses to accomodate his manners *exclusively* to those forms of behaviour which regulate the deportment of the community at large. It is, indeed, no part of my design to exempt a *real* clown from such a reproachful appellation; for he who voluntarily awakens disgust, deserves no one to palliate his folly, or to extenuate his impudence. But the epithet *clownish* has lately been applied, with an air of conscious superiority, to a very useful and virtuous class of men, who have either had few opportunities of associating with people distinguished for their politeness, or have preferred the pursuits of literature and the improvement of the mind, to the formalities of fashion. It is the peculiar misfortune of these persons to share, in common with the ignorant and vulgar, all the opprobium which the spleen and superciliousness of rank can bestow.

There is, somehow, an unaccountable reluctance among men who deem themselves very polite, to admit any qualification whatever as a substitute for external accomplishments. Fashion has assumed the confidence to command the rich, and to dictate to the poor. Even reason itself has not received a very conspicuous station in the allotments of fashion. I am disposed to believe that very few philosophers would willingly appeal, for the fate of their characters, or the merit of their lucubrations, to the capricious decisions of modern refinement, which frequently sweep off, without hesitancy, the attainments of the scholar, and the stupidity of the clown, in one undistinguished mass.

I once knew a young gentleman, who had, from the first dawn of reason, devoted his attention almost exclusively to literary pursuits, and who, had he not lost sight of his original object, would probably have become one of the most illustrious characters of the age. But through the advice of his friends, he endeavoured to cultivate a taste for the etiquette of the day; and he accordingly placed himself in a situation, in which his deportment was exposed to public inspection. He was himself aware, that in his outset, he should discover some awkwardness, or some singularities, which would attract notice; but he hoped his superior learning would atone for his accidental delinquencies, or at least mitigate the severity of those censures which are usually bestowed upon

uncouthness of manners. But experience taught him, that the fondness of hope was but the miserable inlet of delusion. For, instead of receiving the homage due to men of superior literary attainments, and those allowances for his imperfection which a long seclusion from company demanded, he found that the expectations of the fashionable multitude were exactly proportioned to his scientific acquirements, and that the time and assiduity requisite to those acquirements, were not regarded as an apology in his favor.

Being thus chagrined, the only alternative to which disappointment prompted him to resort, was a speedy return to his darling pursuit, in which convenience of action was not sacrificed to studied formality, and in which the sentiments of the heart were not hidden in disguise.

Notwithstanding the dictatorial station which is assumed by the gay and the polite, and from which, as from an eminence, they cast down the eye of contempt, and send abroad their animadversions; it should be recollected that their system of conduct generally receives the authority of no higher sanction than that of their own practice; and that of course their rules are entitled to no more validity or prevalency than the artless deportment of the rustic, any farther than a superiority of numbers gives weight to their decisions. It is not denied that there is a *right* and a *wrong*, one of which must characterize every mode of action. All that is intended is, that the lower orders of the community, who are, to say the least, as virtuous as those in higher life, are as competent judges of propriety.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it must be conceded that the *sincerity* of the rustic is in no danger of being counterfeited by that preciseness o conduct, or those rigid niceties, which are often played off as the expressions of ardent friendship, when at the same moment the heart is as cold as the mountain frost, and as unfeeling as a rock. I have myself been repeatedly urged with considerations of respect, &c. to visit ladies and gentlemen, even after I had more than once informed them, that I should leave town long before the day appointed for the visit; and I have as often been severely censured for not complying with the invitation, when I knew that the declarations of the mouth were at variance with the language of the heart.

But as it is an unwelcome task to point out the various forms of dissimulation, I shall spare myself any farther trouble than merely to inform those whose cause I have espoused, that no regard is due to the *opinions* of men, whose *actions*, are ever clothed in the garb of hypocrisy.

IMPOLITUS.

Extract from a letter on the modern mode of pronunciation.

I have often wondered that the London dialect, or in other words, the Irish innovation, should ever have obtained the sanction of Lexicographers. Does the language of courts, and of diplomatic characters, possess any peculiar charms, that its verbage should be so greedily devoured? Is it the fate of our tongue, to be in part "occluded," for every new coined term, that makes its way through the presidential glottis! Or because their

lordships, at the court of St. James, have given countenance to the infraction upon the language, which I am condemning, ought their example to have weight with those who should regulate the literature of England and America ?

Believe me ! it is very *unforchunate* that our language should be thus despoiled of its *beauchy* and masculine *feachures*. The chewing of words, I can excuse in those, who have been *edjucated* in the habit: but I feel *injignant*, when I see a person affectedly *churning* aside from his *natchural* mode, to follow the *jictates* of these u-mangling innovators. It affects me with *saciety* and disgust. It *woonds* my honor. I feel an *imporchunate*, I may almost say, an *inshuperable* disposition for a *juel*.

The importance of exposing the impropriety of this usage, is enforced by considering that it might be extended to more *parchiculars* with as much reason as has justified its advances hitherto ; that its progress will be marked with confusion, since a *multichood* of words are rendered similar in sound, which stand for different ideas ; and that *creachures* or rather persons, the *furnichur* of whose names is composed of the sounds *habichually* answering to the letters, du—tu &c. will, by the new *accenchuation* or pronunciation, be obliged to submit to a disgusting alteration of their wonted appellations.

From the court and the stage, those corrupters of the language, this deviation from the true standard of pronunciation, has found its way to the pulpit and the university. I am not about to show how the perversion of language is attended by the perversion of sentiment ; but should this supplication " *churn* us, and we shall be *churned*," in its ascent from the sacred desk, reach the ears of that inspired writer, who denounced the " turning the grace of God into lasciviousness," would he not likewise denounce the *churning* it into ridicule.

If I proceed, my letter will become too *prochooberant*.

With *jue* respect, your's

TURNER, alias *Churner*.

P. S. I *congrachulate* you on your appointment to the *Chooterage*.

THESES.

E is a letter, which occurs the most frequently of any, in the English language.

The greatest number of vowels used in any syllable, is, in the Hebrew language, one ; in the Greek, two ; in the Latin, three ; and in the English, four.*

Vocal music bears (in point of preference) the same proportion to instrumental music, as the organization of the lungs does to that of a musical instrument.

If but one particle of matter were created and placed in the solar system, it would displace every other body in the system.

* *League.*

ENIGMA.

Sum principium mundi, sum finis omnium rerum, sum trinus et unus, attamen non sum Deus.

The Editors acknowledge the receipt of several notes from gentlemen who appear more willing to bestow censure, than to aid us in our design. If the Cabinet is *really* deficient in wit and entertainment, we trust no one will impute the defect to any other source than that from which our paper derives its support. We feel no ambition to exempt *ourselves* from our share of blame ; but we do feel desirous that those of our correspondents who are so fruitful in their animadversions, would be more frugal of their

censures in a case where they make no efforts to apply a remedy. We are happy, however, to add, that these remarks are applicable only to a few individuals.

At the same time that we acknowledge the responsibility of our trust, we are sensible of our entire dependance upon the generosity of our patrons. To conduct such a paper with respectability, it requires something more than pecuniary aid—it requires the patronage of a judicious pen guided by a voluntary hand. We do not complain that our authors have deserted the Cabinet; but we are inclined to believe that the object would admit of more competition.

On the approaching vacation, our fellow students are requested to bear in mind this their legitimate offspring. We would not tax their amusements, by endeavoring to enlist their leisure moments, in the service of the Cabinet. To subserve its interests, and make it the respectable representative of the seminary in which it is institnted, will, it is believed, be considered in no other light than that of amusement—of amusement uniting in itself "utilem cum dulce."

The Bower.

.....Sometimes
We bid bright Fiction to resemble Truth,
And sometimes speak what Truth herself approves.

HES. THEOG.

"Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim."

HORACE.

MESSRS EDITORS.

IN one of your numbers, I chanc'd to peruse
A flighty, and novel essay of the muse,
Attempting most splendid events to rehearse,
In bog-trotting measure, and nondescript verse.
Three goddesses boasting Olympian birth
With trappings equipp'd, wing their way to the earth,
Bent on the same errand, they lovingly meet,
And hasten to visit Pomona's retreat.
No one knew exactly her place of abode,
While speeding their course through a devious road;
('Twas not near the Ganges, the Tiber, or Nile,)
No, no, they agreed it was in Britain's isle,
At Vauxhall, or Ranelagh, or the Rotunda;
But all were uncertain, and all seem'd to blunder.
"At length to the Leasowes, romantic and sweet,
"They hasten to visit Pomona's retreat."
'Twas there these celestials alighted, we learn,
And fame is still silent about their return.
'Tis strange, they should be thus desirous to roam,
So far from Olympus, their long wonted home,
And both gods and men, have been fill'd with diversion,
At this most romantic, and wildgoose excursion.
Ye muses, who dwell around Helicon's spring,
Who by your afflatus, teach mortals to sing,
Once more, to your favorite bard lend your aid,
And crown him with laurels that never shall fade;
'Tis yours to assist, in such arduous flight,
As leaves all terestrial things out of sight,
Like his, who of late sung in numbers so sweet,
The goddess's tour to Pomona's retreat.
Since all may invoke you, as you have decreed,
To aid them to soar on that fam'd winged steed,

Once more to your bard, grant the use of your pony
To bring us the news from the seat of Pomona.
His Pegasus surely he rides with a grace,
The jade has been hackney'd and train'd to the race ;
She'll curvet, and canter, and gallop, and prance,
Then stop to change legs, then she'll amble and dance ;
Next darting with speed, she will pace like the wind,
Her tail sweeps a radius of sixty behind.
'Tis this noble pony, your poet bestrides,
The seat of Pomona he sings, as he rides,
And while his odd numbers flow freely in rhyme,
This multiped beast, with her hoofs beats the time.
So pliant the limbs of this versatile creature,
She'll amble, and canter to all kinds of metre,
Both up hill, and down hill, she's always the same,
And plies the fifth foot, should one chance to be lame.
The muse, 'tis well known, has good horses beside,
But this one for tyros just learning to ride,
Is kept at all times, tether'd out in the pasture,
All rigg'd to be mounted by each poetaster ;
Tho' aged, and sore-back'd, and grown very gaunt,
There's no better creature to go on a jaunt.
Yet spare the old courser, lest she lose her wind,
And unhorse the rider, and leave him behind.
No more dare attempt such an arduous flight,
Nor hazard a fall from so awful a height.
For heaven's sake ! poet, do get a new pony,
If ever you mean to return from Pomona.

A RIDDLE.

IT is as high as all the stars,
No well was ever dug so low,
It is in age, five thousand years,
And was not made an hour ago.

It is as wet as water is,
No red hot iron, e'er was drier,
As dark as night, as cold as ice,
Shines like the sun, and burns like fire.

'Tis of the color of the snow,
Outside and inside, black as ink,
All red, all green, all yellow, blue,
This moment you upon it think.

In every sound it strikes your ears,
It soon expires, 'twill ne'er decay,
It always in the light appears,
And yet is never seen by day.

Than the whole world it bigger is,
Than a small pin's point, it is less,
I've told you ten times what it is,
Yet after all you cannot guess.

GIFTS OF NATURE.

THE bull, with horns, kind nature crown'd,
The horse's feet with hoofs she bound,
And winged speed she gave the hare,
The lion, jaws of death ; she gave
To fish, the world beneath the wave,
To birds the lofty flight of air.
To man she gave the piercing mind
With judgment and with strength combin'd,
To woman—nature had no more !
But soon she form'd a potent charm,
Whose pow'r could thrall the warrior's arm,
And chain the steel besmear'd with gore :
What force can drive the charm away ?
'Tis beauty holds the magic sway.

INAMORATO.

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